

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1894.

THE EVENING WORLD.

“Circulation Books Open to All.”

Nellie Bly Writes of the Two Hottest Days of the Year in New York's

Biggest Tenement.

THE REJECTED SUITOR.

LAST EDITION.

SHE JUMPED 60 FEET.

Mrs. Keeney Thought Her Husband Was Being Murdered.

Plunged Through a Window to a Brick Paved Yard.

A Slight Scratch the Only Injury Sustained.

Mrs. Annie Keeney, of 115 East One Hundred and Eighth street, narrowly escaped death just after midnight this morning, when, after scrambling over slippery roofs, jumping on fire-escapes and dodging in windows, she jumped from a window in the fourth story, to the brick-paved yard. The only injury she sustained were two slight cuts on the face, so insignificant that medical aid was unnecessary.

Mrs. Keeney is the wife of John Keeney, a bricklayer. She is twenty-three years old, and has been married six years. The police say she was addicted to drink, but that she stopped drinking so suddenly that her mind was affected. Keeney says his wife does not drink to excess.

“She drinks just about the same as other people,” said he, “but, say, I think she takes too much ice water.” Mrs. Keeney was not at home last night. Perhaps that is why Mrs. Keeney suddenly became possessed of the idea that he was being murdered down in the street. She put on her sky-blue wrapper, went out into the hall and crept up the ladder to the roof.

There was a drizzling rain and the roofs were slippery. But Mrs. Keeney walked along over the slippery railings and jagged party walls until she was on the roof of 125 East One Hundred and Eighth street. The next house further along is nine feet lower, and she jumped down in safety. The wall of the adjoining house towered far above her, and she could neither advance nor retreat. She was stuck for an instant, and then she jumped to the front of the roof and looked over. It was a good seventy-five feet to the street. Then she went to the back of the roof. Fifteen feet down was the top floor fire-escape. Another minute and Mrs. Keeney was hanging by her hands from the top of the roof. She was pale and nervous, but smiled bravely when the twelve men inside appeared in a bunch at the door and demanded their breakfast.

There was another trip to the Astor House for breakfast, but not a juror gave out a hint of how Mrs. Keeney got out. She was almost jubilant this morning over what seemed to be a certainty of a disagreement of the jury. The juror who had been called to the court, however, declined to express himself.

HIS JURY STILL OUT.

Ex-Ward Man Levy's Fate Hanging in the Balance.

Retired at 7.20 Last Evening and Were Locked Up All Night.

The Accused Policeman Somehow Hopeful This Morning.

A vast amount of public interest is felt in the prosecution of accused members of the police department, judging by the number of citizens who throng the lobbies and hallways of the brownstone Court-House this morning, all eager to hear the result of the all-night deliberation of the jury sworn to try Policeman Jeremiah S. Levy, charged with taking \$200 a week blackmail from Capt. Charles Krumm for protecting him in running his concert hall, Kuenstler-Halle, 167 Chrystie street.

At 10 o'clock Judge Martine, whose family is at Seabright, telephoned from the Manhattan Club, where he spent the night, to ask Capt. O'Byrne, of the court squad, for information. All the Captain could return was: “The jury has not signified their desire to communicate with the Court.”

The jury retired at 7.20 last evening, after listening to a masterly presentation of the defense by quiet, scholarly Abraham Levy, and a characteristic philippic from that hundred times winner and loser, Prosecutor Francis J. Williams. Judge Martine's charge consumed an hour and covered the points of the case completely.

Yet, after an hour's deliberation, the jury had not agreed, and they were escorted to the Astor House for supper. On their return they were again locked up in the Grand Jury room, and as they had not come to an agreement at 10.30, Judge Martine adjourned his court till 10.30 this morning.

The court officers on guard at the closed entrance to the Grand Jury room, say they never had a less entertaining jury. Not a sound came through the heavy doors till nearly 8 this morning, when the twelve men inside appeared in a bunch at the door and demanded their breakfast.

HIEF IN OCEAN GROVE.

Jurglar Discovered in the Cottage of Mrs. Mitchell.

First Case of Housebreaking There in Nine Years.

His Bowell Screamed and the Fellow Scampered.

(Special to The Evening World.) OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Aug. 4.—The first burglar who has attempted within nine years to carry on business within the sacred precincts of Ocean Grove, and which prevented her from making her usual walk on the beach with Mitchell. She went to her room and to bed at 8 o'clock, and had probably been asleep for about half an hour when she was awakened by the over-turning of a chair. She started up and detected the stealthy steps of some one in the room below, and she became greatly frightened, for she was alone in the house, and she knew that Mrs. Mitchell had gone to the meeting at the Auditorium and would not be back until late. There was no light in the room below, and she saw nothing but a shadowy figure.

Miss Bowell struck a match and lit the candle, and then looked for some weapon with which to frighten the intruder, whom she had become firmly convinced was a burglar. The first thing that she laid her hands on was a comb and she grasped it and started toward the stairs. She thought that if she threw the comb down the stairs the burglar would be frightened into leaving. She approached the head of the stairs stealthily, and when she reached them she fell back screaming, for she had come face to face with the burglar, who was ascending the stairs.

The scream rattled the burglar, who turned and made a dash for the street. When neighbors arrived Miss Bowell was on her back in the hallway screaming as loudly as she could. The candle which had fallen from her hand had been extinguished and she was in darkness. She says she heard something roll down the stairs and she thought it was the burglar. She called out, “Who is there?” and the neighbors had arrived, for the burglar had fled.

Policeman Levy was brought from his family at Seabright, N. J., to the court at a little after 10 o'clock. He was pale and nervous, but smiled bravely when the twelve men inside appeared in a bunch at the door and demanded their breakfast.

At 12.45 Capt. O'Byrne was sent for by the jury. They had not yet reached a verdict, and he was almost jubilant this morning over what seemed to be a certainty of a disagreement of the jury. The juror who had been called to the court, however, declined to express himself.

CHINATOWN'S PRIDE.

“The Uninterrupted Roar of the Trumpet of the God of War.”

Or, in Plain English, the Chinese News, Published Daily.

Looks Like a Big Laundry Ticket, and is Salmon-Hued, Too.

Chinatown is to-day revelling in the luxury of fresh war news, printed in Chinese characters in the Chinese News, and sold for five cents a copy. The second edition of this unique journalistic production was on the street shortly after 10 o'clock this forenoon, and a few minutes later Mott and Pell streets went wild. Even the most thrifty Mongolian in the colony could not resist investing a nickel in one of the terra-cotta colored sheets, covered with hieroglyphics like an exaggerated wash ticket.

According to Mr. Steve Lingard, who, with W. J. Hanley, publishes the paper, there is little doubt of its complete success. For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with the process of getting out a Chinese newspaper an “Evening World” reporter visited the publication rooms at 64 West Thirty-fourth street, and through Mr. Lingard gained a pretty good idea of the modus operandi, to begin with, the paper, which is a four-column affair, is printed on a single sheet of heavy terra-cotta paper. The only English to be seen in it is the title, “The Chinese News,” and the address, “Published by Steve Lingard and W. J. Hanley, 64 West Thirty-fourth street, New York.”

Four columns of matter surround a central column of Chinese news. The first page, the other side of the page sports three cuts, one of the Emperor of China, one of the Chinese army on the march, and the third, a portrait of some prominent Chinese General. The second page is devoted to news of the Chinese war, and the third, a portrait of some prominent Chinese General.

SHANGHAI, Aug. 4.—A despatch has been received here which confirms the report that a second battle has been fought at Yashan between the Chinese and Japanese. It is added that the Chinese were defeated. The Chinese fleet of thirteen vessels which left Chefoo for Corea two days ago with the intention of engaging the Japanese fleet, has returned to Chefoo without meeting the warships of the enemy.

THE CHINESE BEATEN. THE SUGAR PUZZLE. A DOUBLE TRAGEDY. Report of a Second Battle at Yashan Is Confirmed. Tariff Conferres Still Rook Their Brains Over It. Farmer John Connors Shot His Wife and Then Out His Throat. He Died Soon Afterwards and She May Not Recover.

THE CHINESE BEATEN. THE SUGAR PUZZLE. A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

Report of a Second Battle at Yashan Is Confirmed.

Tariff Conferres Still Rook Their Brains Over It.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—The tariff conference began work again to-day with the sugar schedule the first to be talked over. It is claimed that the Senate conferees pointed out a new difficulty which the new schedule was liable to meet when the bill was returned to the Senate. It was asserted that with the new schedule the bill would not receive the votes of Senators Caffery and Blanchard of Louisiana, because no bounty for this year is provided, nor that of Allen and Kyle, Populists; and that these four votes with the vote of Senator Hill, would defeat the bill.

THE HOUSEMEN say that the Louisiana men cannot afford to vote against a bill as favorable to the sugar interests as the new schedule makes this one, simply because no provision for bounty on this year's crop is included, as Congress certainly would pass a free sugar bill before adjournment.

INDIAN HARBOR REGATTA. Much Interest in the Meeting of Vaquero and Dorothy. Fitful Winds and Depressing Weather for the Races.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Aug. 4.—The northerly wind is coming and going in fitful gusts to-day, freshening the sultry waters into foam and tossing the little competitors for the three cups offered by the Indian Harbor Yacht Club about like so many cockle-shells. The rain pours down in a steady drizzle, but Larchmont yachtsmen don't mind that. Many members came up from town last night in order to be in good time to see the race to-day, as a new interest attaches to it, since Dorothy Vaquero last week, and thus forced Vaquero to begin all over again for the Brokaw cup, which she had all but won.

THE FLOAT WENT DOWN. An Early Morning Collision on the East River. The tugboat F. M. Brown, Capt. Von Glider, sunk one of the floats of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad this morning.

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VIGILANT TRIUMPHANT.

Captures in Gallant Style the Match Race Made by the Prince.

FINE STIFF WIND ALL THE WAY

BRITANNIA NEVER ABLE TO CATCH UP WITH THE AMERICAN IN SUCH WEATHER. GREAT CROWD SEES THE RACE. A Fast Race, the Fifty-Mile Course Being Covered at the Rate of 12 Miles an Hour.

COWES, Isle of Wight, Aug. 4.—With a stiff westerly breeze blowing and prospects of a good day's racing, the American yacht Vigilant, captained by the British cutter Britannia, started this morning in the match race for a cup valued at \$500, arranged between George J. Gould and the Prince of Wales.

RED BANK, N. J., Aug. 4.—There was a double tragedy in Morrieville last night. John Connors, a farmer, thirty-five years old, who lives there, shot and seriously wounded his wife, and then cut his own throat. He is dead and Mrs. Connors may not recover.

THE WARDEN IS SARCASTIC. He Says “he Food is O K, but the Young M. D.'s Get Up Late.” The gastronomic agitation in Bellevue Hospital is still on full blast. The young doctors who are making their post-graduate course at the hospital insist that a greater variety of diet than is served up to them would conduce most materially to the advancement of their medical efficiency; a theory in which they are not altogether seconded by Warden O'Rourke.

ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE. Mrs. Valot Deceived from Home and Robbed of \$140. Andrew Cox, of Washington avenue, Flatbush, was a prisoner this morning on a technical charge of intoxication, which may be changed to one of larceny. He called at the home of Mrs. Charlotte Valot, 5 Cedar street, yesterday and found that she had not been sent for and returned home. Shortly afterwards she discovered that somebody had entered her home during her absence and stolen \$140 from a trunk. She reported the case to the police, and Cox was arrested. A roll of bills containing \$33 was found in his possession, but he denies that he stole the money.



A Lesson in "Harmony."



GEORGE J. GOULD.

Never in the history of British yachting have so many yachts been gathered to witness an aquatic contest, and it is doubtful if as much interest was ever taken in any yachting event. The yachts were officially measured yesterday. The figures show that Vigilant spreads 1,200 square feet of canvas more than Britannia, while the cutter is a foot longer on the water line. The rating of Vigilant is 162, and that of Britannia 153; consequently, the American ship allows the British ship to have a fair start. The Vigilant carried a crew of forty-five men, and Britannia thirty-six.



PRINCE OF WALES.

Among the yachts which took part of Americans out to see the race were White Lady, Mr. A. Golet; Lacon, Mr. John E. Brooks; May, Mr. E. D. Morgan, and Guinevere, Mr. C. Oliver Iselin. Then, of course, there was the Goulds steam yacht Atlanta and several excursion yachts having large parties of Americans on board. The course sailed over to-day was what is known as the Queen's Course. The yachts being ordered to the westward, after the start off the Castle here they went about one mile and a half, and around East Ledge Buoy, leaving a line of stars, and then, after passing the buoy, they went on to the northward. The course was thronged with multitudes of spectators. There was great excitement as the two yachts, with ordinary topsails and medium jibs and foreails, glided gracefully along, pointing eastward, until they passed the flagpost which, on a compliment to the Americans, was set up for the occasion.